



the plant issue

OREGON VOICE

Spreading Our Seed Since 1989

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Editor’s Note

The Plant Issue is a bonus baby. Its coming together was a welcome surprise at what we thought was a fitting end, just as much as it was the fruit of our subconscious desire to go through the whole loving process one more time.

Per normal for youngest-lings, it’s the one that has garnered all of the coddling and adoration from the staff. The Plant Issue is the smartest. The Plant Issue is the cutest. The Plant Issue didn’t come out late. We all just started waiting for it too early.

Theme-wise, Plants was something I came up with a while ago. And the more I think about it, the more significant it seems. Plants came from the fact that I’m rapidly approaching being a person, as opposed to, of course, a student. Person-dom carries the weight of the world, literally, a world rapidly consuming itself into oblivion and hoping beyond hope that technology can bail it out. Well, folks, ironically our survival is not analogous to the Detroit auto industry (Unless the connection is one of mismanagement, greed, and inefficiency. Eat it, Chrysler.). So as an incoming person, I thought something with a little more meat would be a fitting theme.

You can consider this our stab at Greenwashing, stab, not meaning an attempt in this case, but the actual verb. Because, if you don’t know, a bio-degradable Sun Chips bag that vanishes into the trash that it gets thrown away with, which will still be trash a hundred years from now, doesn’t do shit. It’s a gimmick. It’s a waste.

Plants, on the other hand, will feed us, draw together our communities, and have the strange knack for having animals depend on them to live. In other words, their more “our only hope” than Obi-Wan Kenobi.

With that, quite possibly, my only Star Wars reference ever in the Voice, I sign off. It’s been great. I’m graduating. Voice-stalwarts Noah DeWitt and Cara Merendino are taking over as editor-in-chief and publisher respectively. Thank you to everyone that worked on this issue. I hope your resulting FBI files keep you warm in the coming years.

Scot

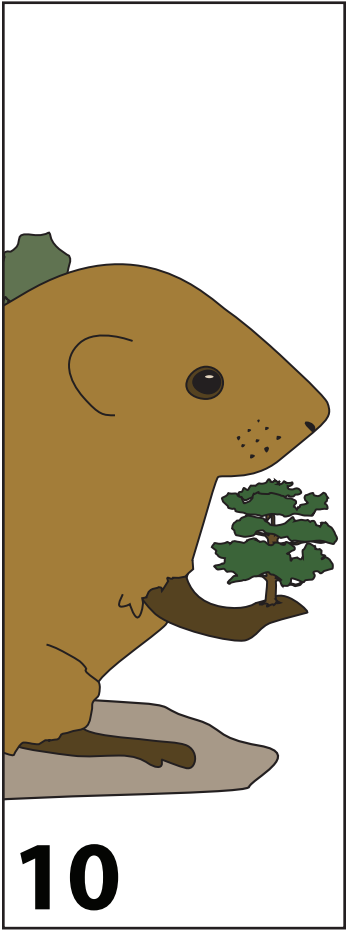
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meeting
Every Wednesday at 6pm
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Red Tree Voles
Get your squeak on.



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Foragin’
Of the urban variety.



12

CSA
Pay your local farmer.



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Dance-off
Photo documentation of the Fall of *Ethos*.



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Through the ins and outs of our daily lives, the Oregon Voice asks...

Say yes to sustainable drinking

words Tyler Pell illustration Megan Gex

Sharing food and a few laughs with friends, it seemed like a regular Saturday night. But this night was a little different — far from the familiar confines of campus, I was deep in the heart of Eugene’s countercultural haven, the Whiteaker. As I would soon find out, the Whit does in fact have a few shortcomings. Namely, a few choice beverages

Which is why a trip to the nearby market turned devastating when I was reminded that the Whiteaker was ground zero for the City of Eugene’s recently imposed ban on malt liquor.

What the MotherFuck! Sure, crime rates in the Whiteaker had recently skyrocketed and the city administration accurately diagnosed the transient population’s consumption of malt liquor as a major culprit. But, doesn’t the City of Eugene support sustainability?

You know how much waste in landfills comes directly from packaging? Neither do I, but I bet it’s a lot. For the environmentally friendly binge drinker, malt liquor is the sustainable choice. Instead of six labels glued onto bottles and those plastic rings which hold six-packs together, there is just one neat and tidy label, draped elegantly over the smooth glass bottle.

Forty ounce bottles of malt liquor are a model of efficiency. Efficient to produce, and efficient to drink. Let’s face it, drinking at least at this point in our lives, is just a means to an end. Why not reach that end a little faster, with a little less packaging?

Sure, a recycling-wise person may say something like, “Those bottles and cans should be recycled anyway.”

To which I’d say, “Oh yeah.”

But still, it takes energy to make those bottles and labels. Energy, which I’d assume, comes from petroleum. Do you really want your drinking habits to support the oil industry?

Come on Eugene; bring back malt liquor to the Whiteaker. You might be claiming to reduce to the crime, but you’re really just neglecting environmentally friendly drinking habits.

Arbor Day?

words Alex Marga

For the last few years, the “Go Green” movement has started to get a little out of control. Now, you can find shirts, bags, and shoes that are “going green.” Hell, even Mac computers claim to be “saving the environment.” So of course, when Earth Day rolls around, the nation flips shit.

But, people, there’s another holiday out there for you environmental nuts. In fact, this day is probably just as important as Earth Day! That’s right... I’m talking about ARBOR DAY!

So, I guess what most of you are wondering is “WTF is Arbor Day?”

Every year, in the month of April, Arbor Day rolls around to remind us how wonderful trees are in society. To celebrate this simple holiday, people plant a brand new tree, to help us breath cleaner air.

So why do you care? Well hells bells, people! Trees! They give us oxygen! They shade us in warm weather! They are the home to many creatures, such as squirrels, birds, and tigers! Well, that last one I made up, but still!

Everyone freaks out about Earth Day, and how we need to Go Green! The EMU was lively and, honestly, terrifying during on Earth Day because of the many clubs and associations on campus trying to convert us to recycling automatons with their water bottle statues and recycling bins. But when it’s Arbor Day, the only recognition is found in elementary schools and calendars.

So green folk, heed my call. Next year, when Arbor Day rolls around again, be sure to recognize your fellow trees for all they have done for you. After all, without them, the Earth would be doomed. Doomed, I tell you! [Ed: Arbor Day is April 10.]

Commentator Clean-up

words Alex Marga

A few weekends ago, a rival magazine *The Commentator* put on a charity concert for the Red Cross Foundation. It was called Sudsquatch, and, regardless of the price and location of the event itself, was quite okay. The music sounded nice (even though we in the dorms had no choice BUT to listen to it), and the cause was good. No harm here.

But I’ve got a serious bone to pick with them. You see, the concert was set up on the EMU lawn, right by the dorm areas. And, like I said, regardless of where you were in the area, you could not escape the sound of these bands. But that’s not what I’m pissed about.

To make it clear that the concert was not free, the *Commentator* staff put up a big, green barricade around the lawn, with spaces for tables to be set up on all sides. The barricades were made of plastic, but the message was clear: You’re not getting in here without paying the money.

I understood the reason, but what confused me so much was the fact that when I woke up both Saturday and Sunday, the green barricade and half the stage was still there.

Now, I understand that maybe the materials weren’t owned by the magazine itself, but the EMU lawn is a common ground for most dorm students to frolic and play on the weekends. With the barricades up,

and a ton of plastic just laying on the grass, people were unable to hang out in their normal spot in ease.

Is it so much to ask for you to clean up after yourselves? Not only are you putting people in danger with the giant hunks of plastic stage just chillin’ on the lawn, but it’s rude to block off this whole space and just leave it, making it seem like only certain people can hang out on the green lawn. I know that probably wasn’t the intention (or was it???), but it’s still ridiculous.

So, *Commentator*, be sure to clean up after yourself because no one else will.

A Letter To My Plants

words Alex Marga

Dear Horatio and Spinerson,

When I first gazed upon your tender leaves that second day of living in my dorm, Horatio, with your fat, jade-like leaves; and Spinerson, with your long, spindly stems; I fell instantly in love. I set you upon my windowsill, in order to get the best means of sunlight, and fed you with love and care. And water. Of course. And then I forgot about you.

For a month.

When I finally remembered, you both looked unhappy with me. Horatio, your leaves were no longer swollen, but were pinkish and thin. Spinerson, you were half near death as your leaves sunk near the soil. I gave you water, but I gave you more than just that: a promise. A promise that I would never forget you again.

And then I forgot about you.

Again.

For another month.

Horatio, you are a trooper. You are still blooming well and prosperous, with your leaves swollen with love and nutrients. Even after the many months of forgetting about you, you are still alive and kicking.

Spinerson, you, too, are a trooper. Even though half of you had to be pruned, you are still growing to taller proportions. Your veins are much smaller and possibly more difficult to retain water, so I applaud your will to survive!

But what I’m trying to say here is, well, I’m sorry. I’m sorry that I tend to forget about you when you really need me, and I’m sorry that you have had to live under these extreme conditions for so long. I’m sorry that you’ve probably froze your plant-asses off during the winter months and cooked in the 70 degrees weather. I’m sorry for not taking good care of you.

I’m proud that you have lasted this long! Bravo!

But once more, I’m sorry. Hopefully, we will share good times together in the future.

Sincerely yours,

Marga

Deadly Spore in OR.

words Cara Merendino

My mom calls me from back East the other day and she says, “Cara! You know, honey you gotta be careful, it’s all over the News, there’s deadly spores in the dirt in Oregon.”

“What?” I ask. “How come I haven’t heard about this?”

“Yada, yada, yada... and it gets into your lungs and grows inside them,



you get a terrible cough, bad headaches... and then you die.” “Ok, ma, that’s pretty scary, but I wouldn’t worry about it.” Flash forward a few days. I’m sitting with my friend Brenna when she casually mentions receiving a panicked phone call from her mother about previously mentioned deadly spores.

“Yada, yada, yada... and then you fucking die.” Brenna is from Los Angeles, and we both make the connection that it’s strange that only us out-of-state students are hearing about this potentially deadly spore that we can’t see, smell, or detect in any way... aren’t we the ones who should be aware? Headaches? I’m in college, I rarely sleep, I wouldn’t think something was wrong with me if I had a headache. I’ve had a cough for the last four months that I have attributed to my smoking habits, but what if I’ve caught the spore? I wouldn’t know. I might wake up dead tomorrow! Ha, seriously though.

So I did my research. Turns out, the spore is called Cryptococcus gattii, and has been known to be in Oregon every spring for quite some time now. This year, however, a whopping twenty-one people were infected. Four people died. The version of the spore that hit Vancouver took down 19 people, but Oregon somehow made it to the top of the ranks in news channels everywhere but here. I just wanna know when I’m at risk of breathing in something that I have no means to watch out for, that in turn will mock symptoms of everyday maladies. Ugh. WTF?!

Jagua-fina. You didn’t think they used tap water, did you?



word fiction

words Saige Kolpack

I like hanging plants even though plants aren't meant to hang suspended in the air like that. But I think they give a sense of wildness and adventure to the room. The leaves spill out over the pot as if they are going to continue growing until they cover the entire room in leafy vines. My friend has one hanging from her window in her dorm room. It looks strange and out of place. That one piece of nature hanging in the middle of this small translucently lit box of a room that seems to be the antithesis of nature.

words Sara Hursey

Fellow comrades in photosynthesis, you mock me for my queer habits. You say it is unnatural to consume as I do, to feast upon flesh. But look around you, look what this animal flesh does to your brethren. It feasts upon us; some exclusively, calling themselves vegetarian. They flaunt their horrific acts, pronouncing their title of plant killer with self-righteous pride. Is it not right that I should do unto flesh as it seems so eager to see done unto us? I will not stay rooted; immobile. I will fight back the only way I know how: I will consume.

words Noah Dewitt

In the bamboo-bound pasture colloquially called 'Panda Park,' a towering conifer slowly inches skyward. This bad boy is ancient; its trunk wears more rings than a pimp's glinting knuckles. Balanced nervously on a low-hanging bough, I grip an-eyelevel branch with a perspiring palm and pull myself up. I shinny and climb rung after rung with sticking-out tongue and fixed concentration, higher and higher and higher. As high as, if not higher than, the brazen bands of freshmen blazing bong-loads down below. Perched on a branch, I turn off my brain and gape at the sweeping panoramic expanse.

words Alex Marga

Robert Plant woke with the sun and glanced outside to his small garden, full of plants and flowers galore. Within minutes he was dressed in his dirty jeans and out the door, making his way to his watering can and spade. Next to them sat a little bamboo plant in a lonely pot, which Robert nearly knocked over in excitement. "Good morning, my lovelies!" he exclaimed, "and especially to you, Mini-Me!" The bamboo just sat there. Beaming, Robert donned his straw hat, covering his long, billowy locks, took his spade, and began digging a home for his new, bamboo friend.

words Grace Pettygrove

Everyone thinks that they speak for trees. But if trees could talk they wouldn't say anything, because they are already saying plenty in their slow movement towards the sky. They're saying that patience is the only way to fly, and growing is the only way to breath. They won't respond to your questions about whether your buildings are green enough, because they know what that color is. You are still skin-colored and your buildings are still made of their dead ancestors. They won't tell you what you are doing wrong. You should know by now.

I have trouble eating the things I grow because they are like pets after a while. I swear to god the radishes purr a little bit every time I come home, especially when the sun is out and I kneel down to tend the bed. They have become symbolic radishes—not real radishes that someone might eat, but "radishes" that I can show people and say: "These are my 'radishes.' They are getting bigger. Aren't they cute right now?" And what else do cats do but sit in the sun and grow. But, in America, we don't eat cats. We eat radishes.

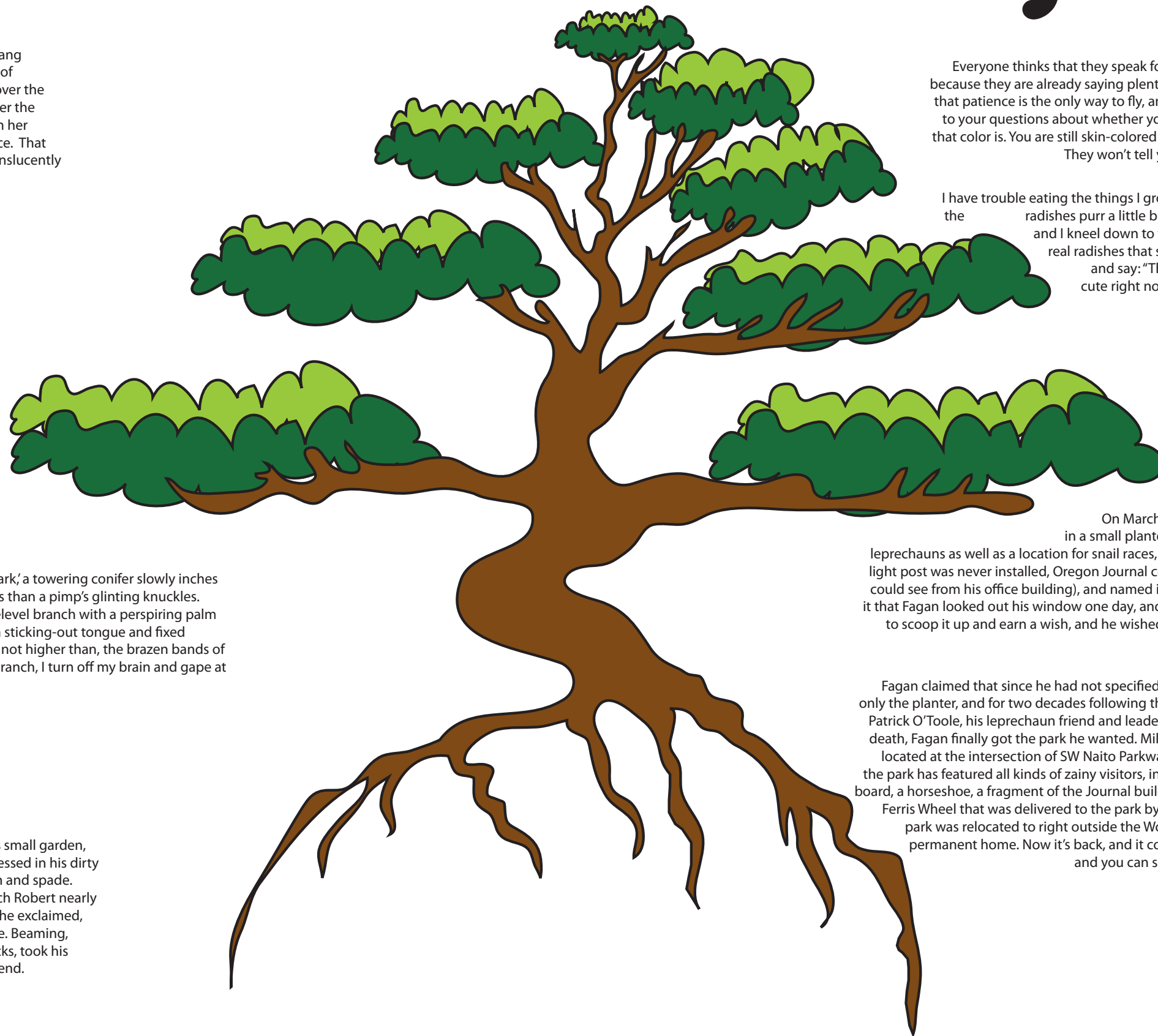
Minutia:

Portland: Home to World's Smallest Park

words Cara Merendino

On March 17th, 1948 the people of Portland, Oregon planted seeds in a small planter by the waterfront. It was meant to serve as a colony for leprechauns as well as a location for snail races, in place of a light post on a road median. Realizing that a light post was never installed, Oregon Journal columnist Dick Fagan planted flowers in the pot (which he could see from his office building), and named it after his own column in the paper, Mill Ends. Rumor has it that Fagan looked out his window one day, and saw a leprechaun digging a whole in the planter. He ran to scoop it up and earn a wish, and he wished for a park. (Seriously, this is the back-story I found when researching this park.)

Fagan claimed that since he had not specified the size of the park he wanted, the leprechaun gave him only the planter, and for two decades following the creation of Mill Ends Park, Fagan featured the park and Patrick O'Toole, his leprechaun friend and leader of the park regularly in his column. Seven years after his death, Fagan finally got the park he wanted. Mill Ends Park was named an official city park in 1976, and is located at the intersection of SW Naito Parkway and SW Taylor in downtown Portland. Over the years, the park has featured all kinds of zainy visitors, including a butterfly swimming pool complete with diving board, a horseshoe, a fragment of the Journal building where Fagan spent his time writing, and a miniature Ferris Wheel that was delivered to the park by full size crane. Due to construction in February 2006, the park was relocated to right outside the World Trade Center Portland, approximately 80 feet from its permanent home. Now it's back, and it couldn't be better. Next time you're in Portland, take a visit, and you can say you have seen the smallest park... in the whole world!



MoneyWeek



words Tyler Pell
illustration Bianca Smith

Before LeBron James stumbled over his own massive ego in front of 18,000 Celtic fans, before Brandon Roy's meniscus gave all of Blazer Nation blue-balls — but after all of Blazer Nation caught glimpse of Greg Oden's balls — there was NBA Green Week, a campaign intended to generate awareness and funds to protect the environment.

It was a valiant effort on the part of the NBA. But what about those other 51 weeks? Are those the un-green weeks? And what the fuck does 'green' mean exactly?

The National Research Defense Council's Senior Scientist, Allen Herszkowitz, helped coordinate the event and described the NBA embracing ecological criteria as "a watershed in our nation's movement toward environmental progress."

Some of Green Week's nobler initiatives included tree plantings, recycling drives, and park clean-ups. But the bulk of the campaign can be encapsulated in this paragraph direct from NBA.com:

In addition, the NBA Store, NBAStore.com, and select team retailers featured adidas 100-percent organic cotton NBA Green T-shirts and hats; NBA Green socks, headbands, and wristbands made from 45 percent organic cotton by For Bare Feet; and Spalding basketballs made from 40 percent recycled materials, giving fans the opportunity to "buy green."

Does that really constitute a watershed? To quote a phrase, "Not even, yo."

At best, Green Week is half-hearted and slightly misguided. More likely, it's just another generic marketing campaign that the NBA Corporation is selling to the environmentally semi-conscious. If weeklong environmental campaigns serve as any kind of a reminder, it's that your business model is incongruous with sustainability.

Bill Walton, who represents the lone point at which NBA and the Grateful Dead intersect, described the NBA's corporate objective last February to a Sports Marketing class at the UO. In typical allegorical style, Walton explained that the NBA is about one thing and one thing only: sponsorship. It's about selling commercial time, selling stadium-naming rights, selling soap.

As Walton noted, at one time soap companies — you know Neutrogena and shit — sponsored the majority of television programming. Hence, "soap operas." Today, in the world of sports, soap translates most visibly to sneakers and sports drinks. When sneaker and sport drink sales, are up, odds are the NBA stock is too.

While teams were holding recycling drives, Nike was pedaling green-trimmed sneakers they slapped on all of their billboards — excuse me, athletes — which were no doubt invested in by environmentalists with aspirations of saving the planet one pair of shoes at a time. And Gatorade, taking a page out of the tobacco industry's playbook, was spending advertising dollars to get adolescents hooked on fluorescent

sugar water.

If you believe in the Athletic-Industrial-Complex (and if you don't just take a look around UO's sprawling campus) then Gatorade and Nike are no doubt the Halliburtons of the NBA. Aided by Michael Jordan, those two sports-industry giants catalyzed the commercialization of professional sports. Today, every square inch of professional sports is sponsored.

This commercialization that means vocal cords are no longer the best tool to support your team. If you really want to help out your favorite franchise, buy a t-shirt. Better yet, spend \$100 dollars on a special edition Green Week jersey. The Bangladeshi garment industry would love your business.

By commodifying 'Green' policies the NBA has tapped into the very root of the environmental crisis: economic growth. NBA brass would like us to think that special edition jerseys, shoes and headbands for St. Patrick's Day pay homage to the Irish people. They don't. Neither do special edition jerseys* with 'el' or 'los' in front of the team's name to honor the league's Hispanic fans. They're just tapping into different markets and increasing revenue.

The fact is capitalism is to environmentalism what Donald Sterling is to winning. They just don't mesh. Coming to grips with the fact that the DOW going down might not be such a bad thing, environmentally speaking, is the first step. Because who wants Earth to turn out like the Clippers?

Unfortunately, the NBA's chief concern is increasing the GDP. And 'Green' is just an offshoot of the larger NBA enterprise. If 'Green' were their true objective, they would wear those organic cotton jerseys *instead* of, not in addition to, the already excessive uniform combinations. Environmentally minded stances only hold weight when replacing an inferior or outdated model. Offering them both at the same time? That's making me wonder what the fuck they mean by 'Green' Week.

*HUGE props to the Phoenix Suns for wearing their 'los Suns' jersey on May 5th just a couple days after the totally whack immigration law passed. Not exactly Muhammad Ali going to jail for refusing to fight in Vietnam, but a statement of any political substance is rare in sports.

If you really want to help out your favorite franchise, buy a t-shirt. Better yet, spend \$100 dollars on a special edition Green Week jersey. The Bangladeshi garment industry would love your business.

ISQUEAK FOR TREES

words Grarce Pettygrove

illustration Megan Gex

A rare rodent takes on the logging industry

The hero of our story is a secretive, nocturnal rodent, about 6-8 inches long (including tail), with a cinnamon-red coat. You’ve probably never seen the red tree vole (*Arborimus longicaudus*), and you probably never will, unless you climb 100 feet into the canopy of a Pacific Northwest douglas fir.

But this rodent is a force to stop chainsaws.

The red tree vole’s power is in its vulnerability. The rodent is a major food source for the Northern spotted owl. Both animals are designated “threatened” under the Endangered Species Act. Both depend on old growth forest, though encroaching timber harvests present a more imminent danger for the vole.

“If you’re a spotted owl you can fly from tree to tree—maybe you can survive a clear cut here and there. But if you’re a tree vole and you can’t get down to the ground, you have no way to get away,” says Doug Heiken, the Conservation and Restoration Coordinator for the non-profit Oregon Wild.

The red tree vole can’t live in any old tree. The Bureau of Land Management, in its “Survey and Management Protocol,” identifies “old growth doug fir forests” as “optimal habitat” for our hero.

“Voles do occur in younger stands, but these younger forests are most likely population sinks rather than sources, and are unlikely to provide population persistence of red tree voles over the long term,” says the BLM.

The voles depend on dense, old growth canopy to “retain humidity,” or catch fog from the air, which the rodents then suck from the needles for water.

You still don’t know why this is important.

The politics of log vs. conserve in Oregon are broadly governed by a compromise brokered under the Clinton administration in 1994, called the Northwest Forest Plan, intended to slow the destruction of America’s disappearing old growth forests. With the Plan came Survey and Manage, a set of regulations requiring agencies to search for endangered species before allowing timber harvest on certain sections of federal land.

The spotted owl is the more famous, original hero of Survey and Manage—a villain if you lived in a Pacific Northwest logging town with an economy dependent on federal timber sales. It took several years before the Plan encompassed other “Threatened” species that are part of the old growth doug fir ecosystem, including our little friend, the red tree vole.

At first the agencies didn’t want to look for rodents in the upper canopy of the forest. In 1999, a federal judge ruled that the BLM and US Forest Service had violated Survey and Manage regulations by failing to survey for 70 threatened species, including the vole.

Still, says Heiken, “The government won’t look very hard because they don’t really want to find it.”

Fortunately, Survey and Manage programs don’t depend on government agencies doing their jobs. With the Plan emerged a new pathway for direct, grassroots activism. Plebian citizens can take to the forest and look for the threatened species on their own time. If they find significant evidence that the voles, the owls, the salamanders, or the marbled murelets are about, the cutting has to stop.

“It’s been a neat way for citizen activists to get involved in forest management,” says Heiken.

The vole is an especially manageable target because it’s easy to find evidence of its presence without actually hunting it down in the dead of night. The red tree vole is the only species that, as it eats, separates the edible parts of the douglas fir needle from the inedible resin ducts, which it then uses to build nests. Some biologists have hypothesized that the vole has evolved paws just for

this task.

The nest is unique evidence of the rodent’s presence. One tree vole nest can save a buffer zone of about 10 acres of forest. Our hero is an especially effective tree sitter.

In fact, Survey and Manage has attracted many activists with a background in Earth First!-style direct action—tree climbing and sitting. Forest defenders who once climbed trees to sit now climb trees to look for the vole. They may still participate in the former activity, but the latter activity can save more acres for the effort.

Phoenix (a codename to protect her identity) has never actually seen a red tree vole, though she heard one rustle around once as she reached up to take a sample from a nest. Yet, in her eight years of surveying, she has seen the non-profit Northwest Ecosystem Survey Team (NEST) save hundreds of acres.

Typically, NEST sets up base camps in threatened areas that government surveyors have failed to search thoroughly. At the Trapper Creek timber sale, for example, the original survey only found ten nests.

“We found 40,” said Phoenix.

Teams of NEST activists use cross bows and compound bows to set lines in the trees, which they then climb with harnesses and carabineers. As enthused volunteers, rather than jaded government agents, the rogue surveyors are more willing to search the upper canopy and explore the broken tops of trees where vole colonies often nestle.

NEST came out of the 1998 Fall Creek tree sit, a “tree village” that held for over six years. The trees have yet to be cut, which Phoenix attributes to the survey work that coincided with the campaign.

“Without both of these tactics I don’t think the sale would have been stopped,” says Phoenix.

Since 1999, Oregon Wild and other conservation groups have struggled against repeated attempts by government bureaucracies to edit Survey and Manage into irrelevance.

“It was a pain in the ass for agencies, so they tried to rewrite the rules,” says Heiken

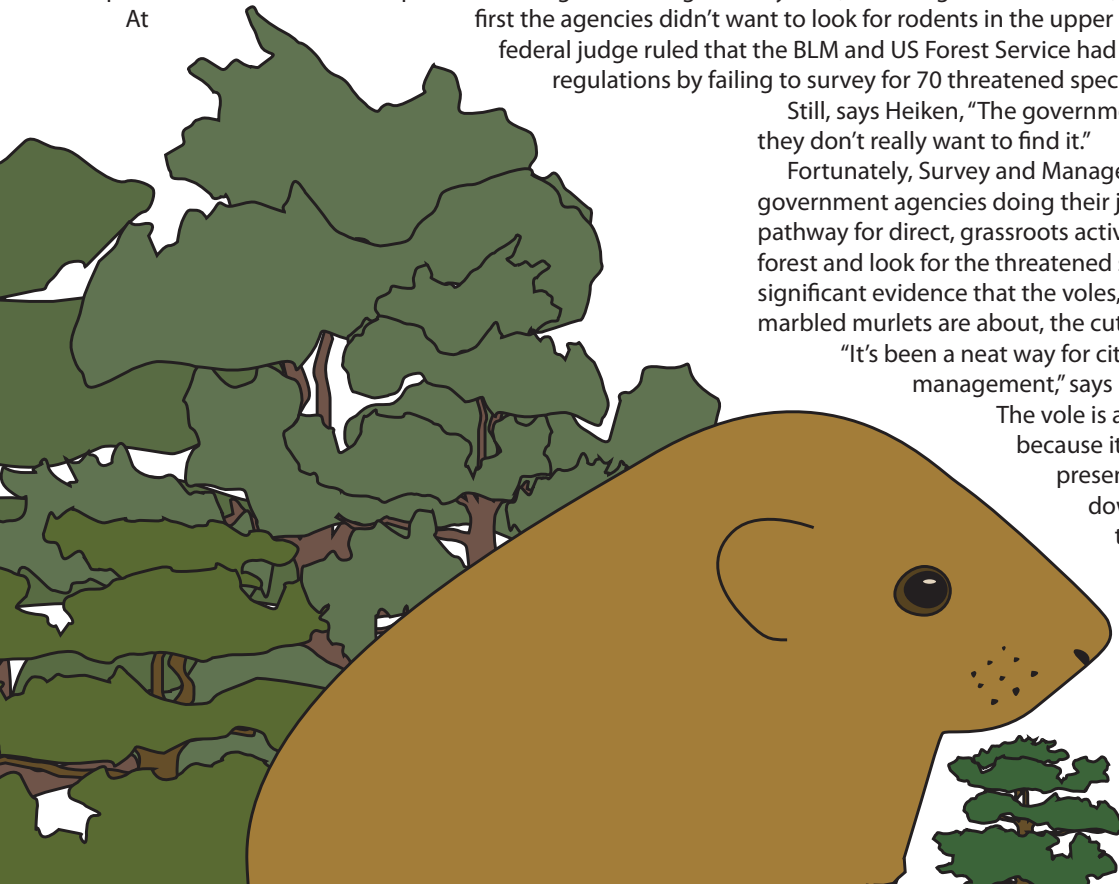
Most notably, in 2004, the Bush administration attempted to do away with Survey and Manage programs all together. Again, a federal judge ruled this attempt illegal under the Northwest Forest Plan. Heiken says that the exact implications of this ruling are still up in the air, but citizen surveys will continue.

So now we have squads of dred-lock ninjas, shooting ropes into the old growth canopy with crossbows and ascending hundred-foot trees in search of a rodent the size of a tennis ball.

“I really love it,” says Phoenix. “I get to live in the forest all summer, climb trees, and hang out with my best friends.”

Let’s face it—it’s not really about the vole. Certainly the *Arborimus Longicaudus* is a likeable rodent, but you’d never know it if it didn’t play a special role in protecting something else we all like: trees. Big, old trees, and their big, old ecosystems.

Our story is actually a story about bureaucracy, or the strange things we have to go through to convince government agencies and corporations that something is important to us (*homo sapien*) and worth protecting.





Middle Man: An Urban Forager's Manifesto

words Scot Braswell. Noah DeWitt. Tyler Pell. photo Courtney Hendricks

For many a prehistoric millennium, our ancestral homies (homies sapiens, if you will) subsisted through one means only: foraging. Their survival depended solely on gleaning wild edibles from the landscapes they inhabited. This all changed with the advent of agriculture in circa 10,000 BCE. In agriculture's shadow, foraging became a secondary mode of subsistence, a supplementary method, no more than a hobby. But even today, 12,000 years after farming stole its thunder, foraging is not dead. In the concrete jungles of the modern world, the savvy and the resourceful forage sustenance from the urban habitat, exploiting not the ecosystem, but the economic system.

Rules to Forage By

There are people out there that want to stop you from doing this, so the first rule is one of discretion. As a forager, you know something that for some reason, most people do not: there is free food pouring out of the cracks in our bloated society. The resources are limited though. Every additional person, while they may contribute to valuable awareness of the spectacular wastes in our society, puts pressure on the food opportunities and comfortable anonymity fellow foragers enjoy. The first rule of foraging: Don't talk about foraging.

As an economic adviser would tell you, diversifying assets is paramount. The same goes for food foraging. Put all your stock in any one foraging practice, and you're subject to the same fate, good or bad, as your fragile foraging methods. Building a network with fellow foragers illuminates new avenues otherwise unknown.

Unfortunately, building a network is intrinsically at odds with the first rule of foraging: Don't talk about foraging. Instead of amending that rule, we'll temporarily change the meaning of 'rule' to a guiding principle, not a steadfast boundary that limits one's ability to obtain free food. The second rule of foraging: Talk about it a little.

Old School Foraging

Wild foraging is perhaps the oldest of all foraging techniques and is an avenue open to everyone with the ability of mobility. Ask your ecologically educated friends and professors about edible plants, you're likely to gain massive amounts of insight.

Around Eugene, dandelion greens are more abundant than wet Uggs. Just make sure you pick your greens in the middle of lawns. Dandelions in corners or by trees are subject to urine saturation by

creatures like domesticated animals, nutria, and inebriated college students.

A tasty salad can easily be concocted with the foraged dandelion greens (washed and shredded) dressed in a honey mustard dressing made by combining honey and mustard packets available at establishments around campus. Garnish with dandelion flowers for a delicious, aesthetically pleasing, and totally free gourmet salad.

On Dumpsters and Diving in Them

If you approach an independently verified dumpster (There are more than a few known produce treasure troves in the Eugene area.) at night, it'll likely be locked. Gone are the brisk nights of earlier this winter, when a forager could walk over to a dumpster the size of a train car filled beyond the brim with chilled broccoli, lettuce, apples, potatoes, bread, with the joy of sugar-addicted children late into trick-or-treating. We had no idea what we had then. We had Halloween multiple nights in a week. And it all ended with a bellow from just-following-orders Joe Schmoe, protecting the barely illegal cast-offs of his waste-crazed employer.

So now we have to do it during the day. Approaching a verified dumpster without the cover of night is best done in a group, what you lose in stealth, you make up for with cooperation and collective vigilance. Not to mention, it's just more fun that way. For our particular spot, morning is the time. Delivery trucks idle and shudder past, providing necessary distraction and cover. If you go too late, the employees are out chatting and smoking, too many of them for a fleet of delivery trucks to make a difference.

We know they aren't looking for us. They're just at work, following orders. That helps. Perhaps the lady in the work apron with the eternal half-done cigarette hears a cloud of giggles or the rolling thumps of our sneakers behind her back, but when she turns around there's no one there. The rush is like being a ninja. In a pinch, we could be inside the dumpster, a short leap onto a blanket of lettuce. Pay no attention to the swishing of wet lettuce. It's just the wind.

Hauls are as variable as the weather. Thrills are guaranteed. A typical dumpster pull is represented in the picture opposite this page.

Catered Events

If skulking around supermarket dumpsters doesn't particularly appeal, there are other, less illegal, ways to feed yourself for free, especially if you're a student. At any given moment on the UO campus, chances are there is at least one food-furnished party just asking to be crashed.

The university events page is a resource waiting to be tapped into. Keep your eyes peeled and your ears to the ground for guest speakers, movie screenings, and other gatherings that often will have a table of refreshments available to the audience. It is your student fees that pay for such events. Why not take advantage?

Granted, some catered events are more exclusive than others. University administrators probably wouldn't appreciate uninvited foragers mooching muffins from their meetings. In such situations, patience is imperative. After the last straggling guests are gone, but before the crew of caterers comes to clean up, there is a golden window of opportunity during which foragers can gorge on leftovers unabashedly. So if ever you spot a Campus Catering cart parked in front of a building, investigate further and you may walk away with your belly as full as your wallet.

Sanitation/Health

We understand, the word 'dumpster' often connotes dirt, filth or garbage, but don't let the label fool you. Food foraged from dumpsters might be one of the cleaner parts of the agricultural production cycle. From the moment food rises out of the soil, it's exposed to an endless onslaught of contamination. A steel dumpster is no more or less clean than a loading dock floor or a germ-infested super market. After a good rinse, food of the dumpster variety is sanitary as it's display shelf brethren.

Culinary Creativity

"Yo, Noah. What the Fuck is this?" I ask, holding a totally foreign root vegetable. "That's a rutabaga, dog."

An exchange such as that is typical amongst foragers. It symbolizes, a totally unexpected, yet welcome, benefit of food foraging. The doors of your normal culinary comfort zone will no doubt be pushed in when a greater market-inspired force selects your groceries for you. It's essentially a grab bag, and you have no choice (except actually paying for food) but to incorporate food you may not be having grown up with into your diet. Foods that have fallen through the cracks of the produce aisle like crookneck squashes, arugula, and turnips have found a welcome place not only on my plate, but also in my heart.

Ethics

Admittedly, urban foraging raises a number of ethical quandaries. Are urban foragers a drain on the economic system? Probably. But is freeloading so unethical, considering the system's manifold environmental and social downsides?

Dumpster diving is especially controversial. Some of you may wonder if the liberation of these landfill-bound veggies is simply stealing by some other leftist label. Well, my conservative friends, take the fact that all of these foraged items have been legally paid for and have already served, or are serving by your consumption, their function, to heart. By the time the food is cast into SaniPac's custody, the store can no longer profit from it. Why let it rot when it could be feeding hungry mouths.

What's in it for you?

Potential foragers, you may ask, what, pray tell, else is there to benefit me aside from free food? I need something else to sweeten the deal. You're in luck. By foraging for a meal here or there, you're padding your bank account. Think about it. That's money well-kept. You can spend that surplus on whatever you like. You could go from weekend 40s, to weekday 40s. Even better though, you can pay it forward. Take that money, buy local, buy organic.

Admittedly, urban foraging raises a number of ethical quandaries. Are urban foragers a drain on the economic system? Probably.



The First Aid Plant Kit

words Saige Kolpack illustration Bianca Smith

These days, Sometimes I feel like the use of a plant as natural medicine is considered to be more hip and trendy than it is useful. “Yeah man, I only use natural remedies, no aspirin or any of that shit for me”, the boy wearing the tie dye shirt says as he takes a drag off his hand rolled cigarette. But what if your only option was plants? What if you were stuck in a situation where you were hurt and your modern first aid or even your natural creams and pills from the health food stores were far out of reach? Your cell phone has no service. You are stranded in the wilderness. Would you know what to do? Will you remember what Bear Grylls did on that last episode of Man vs. Wild? Probably not. Little do you know you are surrounded by abundant resources that are shielded by your civilized way of thinking. If I were in a desperate situation (or maybe even if I wasn’t) here are some plants that I would want in my plant first aid kit.

Actually before I tell you about some of the hidden treasures of plants it should be noted that if you are going to consume plants you must be absolutely sure it is the plant you think it is. Annoyingly enough, when a plant is very beneficial it seems as though there is a very similar looking plant that is very poisonous. In fact, just to be safe, I’m going to provide the universal edibility test I conveniently found on a wilderness survival site.

This test inconveniently takes eight hours, so, if you’re in a desperate situation, I guess your taking your chances.

Now back to those hidden treasures.

You can’t talk about a plant first aid kit without giving a shout out to the Aloe Vera Plant. The gel from its leaves has been used for thousands of years to treat burns and minor wounds, which should be proof enough to you that it works. Not to mention the majority of us have all used the bright green goo in the banana boat bottle after an easily preventable sunburn. We don’t think twice about going to buy a bottle when there is the option to get it right from the plant. They are naturally a dessert plant, but can be grown in other places too. I’m pretty sure you can even purchase your very own aloe vera plant at Ikea.

The second plant in our kit is lavender, yes, that pretty purple plant you use for decoration because it smells nice. Lavender oil has strong antiseptic properties which help to heal burns, wounds and scar tissue. Drops massaged into your temples can also help

to relieve a stressed induced headache. (If you’re stranded in the wilderness, you’re probably going to be pretty stressed. Why not take a quick lavender massage break?)

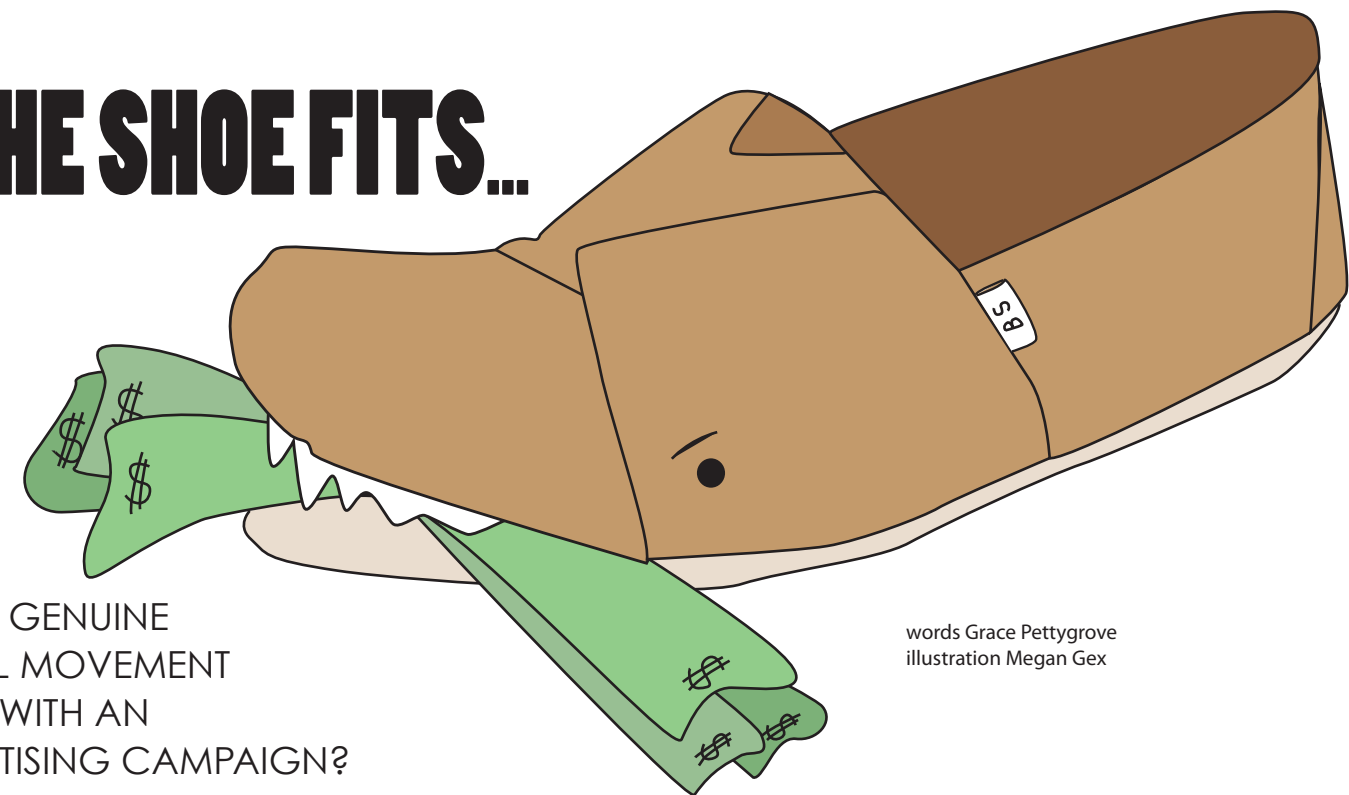
The Acarae Plant, also known as Calamus or Sweetflag is common to the coastal plains. James Duke, a man who knows way too much about plants, sums it up: “The clambering stems or rootstocks are one of Father Nature’s natural candies.” He goes on to say, “With their soapy, yet gingery and peppery taste, fresh roots will not please all comers.” So, it’s not the most delicious plant, but it is proven to contain insect-repellant and antiseptic compounds. It is also suggested that chewing it causes stimulation and can help you stay awake, say, if you’re on the lookout for bears and falling asleep is something you want to avoid. It can also be chewed in lieu of tobacco, which is a two in one if you’re looking to quit smoking, while staying awake on the look out for bears. One should however be wary. Over-consumption of the plant can cause hallucinations, and you’re probably already hallucinating enough out there on your own in the wilderness.

Barbarea also known as Early Wintercress and Yellow Rocket (nice name) has leaves that when crushed can be poultice onto bee stings and other skin disorders. It also intoxicates horses, maybe if you’re trying to trick a wild horse into letting you ride it. I don’t actually know why you would want to intoxicate a horse, but thanks again to James Duke for making us aware of that option.

Chickweed can be mashed for a poultice that is useful for swellings from a sprain. It is most effective for fingers, hands, and foot swellings.

These are only a few of the plants I would want in my first aid kit. Almost every plant has something beneficial to offer; sometimes even more so, if you aren’t in a desperate situation and have some time on your hands. Echinacea, for example when made into a tincture speeds the responses of white blood cells, speeds up the rate of lymphocyte replication, and speeds up the repairing of tissue. Plants do things that I previously believed only pills could do. Lucky for us Native Americans, scientists, and overly curious wilderness lovers have figured out a lot of their uses. So next time you’re feeling sick grab a plant, eat it or rub it on your body and see how it goes! Just kidding, you could die that way; most of us know how Into the Wild ends. Get a book, do your research, and then start eatin’ some plants.

IF THE SHOE FITS...



words Grace Pettygrove
illustration Megan Gex

CAN A GENUINE SOCIAL MOVEMENT ALIGN WITH AN ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN?

It’s hard to buy anything these days without feeling guilty about it, and shoes are the goddamn worst. We all need shoes, especially those of us with jobs, but it’s impossible to buy new shoes without spending way too much, pissing off vegans, or supporting sweatshop labor in a Southeast Asian country. If you buy Nike, you are probably doing all three.

Thank god for Toms Shoes, the Socially Conscious Shoe Company. When you shop Toms, you are not just buying a pair of cotton flats that will fall apart in a matter of months; you are also buying a pair of cotton flats that will fall apart in a matter of months for an impoverished child in a developing nation. The design is clean and down to Earth, like linen pants and Jack Johnson. Everything in the world is getting better, one socially conscious purchase at a time.

Considering that Toms is a for-profit company, I would assume that the corporation makes a hefty sum off of each sale. A pair of “canvas classics” runs at about \$50 dollars, and as far as I can tell there is nothing special (fair-trade, organic, durable) that should make the cost of producing Toms any more expensive than my canvas Keds (priced online at \$25-30). Toms “Movement”—and when I say “Movement” I mean “Advertising Campaign”—hones in on the “One for One” premise of the company: one pair of shoes donated for every pair purchased. But considering the normal profit margins of factory-produced textiles (for example, Nike admits that the labor cost of producing a single pair of fancy-pants shoes is only about \$3.50), that ratio could probably be a lot higher: Three for One, or even Five for One.

Toms model wouldn’t be so annoying if the company wasn’t so self-aggrandizing. The language on the website—“Our Movement,” “We’re changing the world,” “A child in need,” etc.—would have us believe that CEO Blake Mycoskie is introducing a brand new, revolutionary business model for ending poverty.

The Toms “Documentary”—and when I say “Documentary,” I mean “Youtube promo”—opens with a choked up Toms intern: “People

laughed at Blake when his idea was to start a shoe company where, basically, he gave away shoes. They laughed at him,” she says. “It’s more about putting other people ahead of you.”

Actually, Blake’s idea wasn’t so crazy or new. The notion that Western philanthropists can end poverty just buy dumping donations on developing nations is the defunct model of volunteerism. In the 21st Century, the favored method for community development sticks around (rather than doing short term, media stunt “Shoe Drops”), identifies what communities actually need, and recognizes the role of Western economies in disabling the economies of cash-poor nations through resource and labor exploitation. How much do Toms factory workers get paid? Can they afford to buy new pairs of shoes when their free “canvas classics” give out?

Clothing donations also raise controversy for their potential to displace local textile industries. Indonesia has actually banned used clothing imports to address the decline of domestic textiles during the ‘80s and ‘90s.

I don’t actually care what shoes you wear, but I want to make sure that you didn’t think you were exempt from the shoe-guilt the rest of us go through every day. There is no moralistic consumerism.

If you earnestly want to assuage your shoe-guilt, there are only two foreseeable solutions:

1. Go barefoot all the time, not just when Toms CEO Blake Mycoskie comes to your campus and asks you to walk around barefoot for the day (give him free advertising) in solidarity with all of the people “who don’t have a choice.” Show Blake that walking around barefoot on a manicured college campus isn’t really that big of a sacrifice. You might have to quit your job, but everyone else you interact with in Eugene will be so into it.
2. Steal from Nike.

CROSS-SPECIES INTERACTION

Interview with a Guerilla



Within the plant community are many diverse species, throughout history some of these species have been mistakenly vilified. With the help of propaganda campaigns catalyzed by newspaper baron William Randolph Hurst, Cannabis was made illegal in 1937, because too many people were getting high

words Woodward Bernstein
art Jessie Bell

and murdering their families.

On behalf of the entire print journalism community, the *Oregon Voice* would like to formally apologize for the trouble our media cohorts caused Cannabis. We believe plants should be enjoyed no matter what their psychoactive properties.

To illustrate that point, we sat down with a freedom fighter we'll call 'Pablo.' 'Pablo' has spent the last four summers on the front lines of the Drug War, fighting the good fight so that people like you and me can enjoy Doritos and Jackie Chan movies the way God intended.

OV: How'd you get involved in Guerrilla Growing?

'Pablo': I was presented with the opportunity from a friend of mine in the form of clones and I just took advantage. Getting legit clones from a legit source is the most important thing. In terms of production and quality even a pretty poor job can yield good bud if it has good genetics. It's all about finding someone who can hook it up.

OV: Were you concerned about the legality?

'Pablo': It's definitely not something to be taken lightly — it's a mission. But, I mean, it's Oregon, so not really. And I just wanted like, free pot — you know? You could say I grew tired of paying for it. [Ed: Pablo's an English major.]

OV: What measures do you take to avoid attention from authorities?

'Pablo': The number one thing is not getting caught. Always wear shoes you can cover ground in. Just scout up the area and know the area well so that if you need to run, you're ready. Keep your wallet at home, picture ID isn't going to do you any favors on the mountain.

Basically, just be ready to rock.

My policy is if I'm going up during the day anyplace where anyone can see me, I'm gonna try to fit all my stuff into a backpack. That way when it comes down to it, I just look like some dude walking out in the woods, which in Oregon isn't all that unusual.

OV: How do you scope out a growing spot?

'Pablo': You have to consider you'll need to carry stuff up to it every few days for the whole summer. You want something close and easy to get to, but not so close that it will be easy to find.

You also need to find a compromise between ample sunlight — you want as much sunlight as possible, but also, cover in terms of horizontal cover so that people are on the same level couldn't see it. You want an impenetrable thicket surrounding an open spot in the middle. You basically want a person to be able to stare straight at the grow site and not be able to see it.

OV: What attributes do good grow sites have?

'Pablo': Generally, you want any big trees to be on the North side, during most of the summer the sun will be to the south. You don't want anything blocking sunlight for long stretches of the day. South facing if you can.

Next to creeks is a good option; creeks are just good because you don't have to worry about carrying water. But then you worry about people finding the tubing you have stretched from the creek to the grow site.

OV: How do you protect against Deer from eating your buds? (Deer love getting high.)

'Pablo': Pee in bottles in your house and take those up with when you go, just sprinkle as much piss around it as you can to deter animals cause they'll think a predator is around.

OV: How do you prep your plants for summer?

'Pablo': It depends. Usually you get the clones from someone else, unless you make them yourself. Until you plant them outdoors, your just gonna want to mimic a natural light cycle. A pretty optimal time to put them outside is June 1. If you get your clones before then, you'll make sure that they're getting light which will correspond with the light they'll receive they day you put them outside.

Before you put them in the ground you have to get holes dug. The bigger the better — preferably five or more gallons. The fill them with potting soil mix, but not too compact, make sure the soil will allow some drainage.

OV: How do you get your plants to the grow site?

'Pablo': You want to do it when they aren't too tall, first of all. Probably a foot or less. Wrap them up with newspaper, and if you go at dusk there wont be anyone out hiking and you'll still be able to use the sunlight that is left, but you're also under the cover of darkness.

OV: Once in the ground, what kind of attention do you give your plants?

'Pablo': The more water the better. Usually the main problem with guerilla gardening is they don't get enough water because you have to either carry it in or pipe it in. That's when location becomes really important. You have to make sure your willing to make that walk up that hill at least every three days. Come August and September you'll need a shit-ton of water almost daily.

OV: Best case scenario, you water your plants everyday?

'Pablo': You want to make as few trips as possible, but they need as much hydration as possible, so it's a delicate balance that really depends on circumstance. Usually at the beginning of summer every five days, by August, it's more like every two days.

OV: Do you use any fertilizers?

'Pablo': While they're in the veg state, which you'll know cause you won't see any white hairs, you're gonna want a high nitrogen fertilizer, which promotes stem and leaf growth, and just gets the plant going. If you want to use some organic shit, you can use fishmeal, or chicken manure.

Once the plants get to the second stage, around late June/July, when you start seeing the hairs, that's when you switch to a high phosphorous fertilizer.

If at any point, yellowing occurs in the leaves while your fertilizing, you'll want to cut off the fertilizer and just go straight water to nurse them back to health.

My rule of fertilizers is just go mild, sometimes it's better for plants to get a little less juiced than to over do, and kill your shit.

OV: When is it time to pull out your plants?

Keep your wallet at home, picture ID isn't going to do you any favors on the mountain. Basically, just be ready to rock.

'Pablo': You want to get them out before the first frost. Frost will pretty much kill the plant, and that's no good. Also when they get really heavy towards the ends you'll want to prop them up. Depending on the weather, you'll want to keep your plants dry, because when its moist and not so hot you can get mold, but that's not a huge problem because Oregon's so dry in the summer.

OV: How do you handle harvest?

'Pablo': When $\frac{3}{4}$ of the hairs turn orange and crystals turn from clear to yellow, it's harvest time. When your plants are ready to come out of the ground you'll want to bring up a duffle bag or a garbage bag. There's a lot of ways to do it, and you can do whatever you want. If you want to keep all the stems for baking a good way to do it just clip the whole thing and stuff it into a bag. If you've got multiple plants and you're just going for the buds, then you can just cut off the branches and get them to your drying spot as fast as possible so they don't start rotting or molding.

OV: What is the drying process?

'Pablo': You just have to string up some fishing line and lay the plants across them with a fan running for a few days. A heater might be nice, just the driest place possible. You can cure if you want to, just in jars for as long as possible. After that, just enjoy.

a field guide to Ignorable Plants

words Alex Marga

illustration Keith Chaloux

Have you ever had a plant in your dorm, apartment, or house that you forgot to water or take care of? Most people just shrug it off as a “lack of green thumb,” and gravitate away from the wonderful world of horticulture.

Well, I’m here to convince you to buy a new plant! As a college freshman, I fell victim of the “lack of green thumb” theory, nearly killing both of my beloved plants. However, after almost a full year, they still thrive on my windowsill.

How is that possible? I’ll tell ya! Ignorance is not a terrible fate, only because most people don’t kill their plants intentionally. I mean, caring for plants is not that hard, but most people tend to forget they have plants and discover their dead leaves and stems when it’s too late. What you need is a plant that you can accidentally forget about (like me) and find it still alive when you remember to water it.

These plants exist!

Succulent plants are types of plants that drain water easily and retain it for later. These tend to store water in their leaves and use it when they most desperately need it (like when they live with people like me). They tend to love the sunlight, and thrive in warmer temperatures.

These are the plants to have if you love and cherish your plant, but forget about it!

Below is a short list of some great, house-friendly ignorable plants, all of which require very little watering. Hell, some of them might serve additional purposes than making your pad look tight.

WARNING: As you look over this list, you must remember the most important thing about these types of plants: they are in danger of overwatering. Many people can be a bit ambitious with the watering can, but believe me, these plants can survive for days and weeks with dry soil. Make sure you don’t water them every single day, or they will wilt and die (just like if you don’t water them enough). You have been forewarned...

A Guide To Accidentally-Ignored Plants:



Name: Crassula ovata
AKA: Jade Plant

Sunlight: Jade plants are very versatile when it comes to sunlight. They will survive and thrive in sunshine and in shade. However, they are extremely sensitive to temperature. If they are too hot, they will wilt and die, while contrary, if they’re too cold, they will freeze.

Water: Jades can live with very little water. During the summer, Jades need to be watered when the soil is dry, however be warned! They can be overwatered and still live, but really, they don’t need to be watered every day (more like every other week). In the winter, they need very little water, so be wary.

Pests: These little buggers (no pun intended) can cause your plants a lot of problems, so beware. Your main concern for the Jade is mealybugs. They like to chill and feast upon the succulent leaves of your darling, but never fear! These can be eliminated by dipping a cottonball in rubbing alcohol and gently dampening the leaves with it. Do this EVERY DAY until all of the bugs are destroyed. Be sure to avoid pesticides because Jades are sensitive to the chemicals. Safe For Pets: Yes, but can cause mild indigestion if eaten.

Random Facts:

- Jades sometimes sprout small pink and white flowers (so pretty!)
- Jades come from South Africa, and it is sometimes referred to as “the Money Tree”
- The leaves are smooth and round, often a JADE green color (hint, hint!)
- These plants often resemble bonsais, and love the indoors (and outdoors)



Name: Cactaceae
AKA: Cactus

Sunlight: Cacti grow in very extreme heat, so the cactus prefers full sunlight. It does not like shade, and can easily freeze in cold conditions, so be sure to keep your cactus warm and happy. Water: Much like the aloe vera, the cactus only needs to be watered when the soil is completely dry. In the summer, more water may be needed, so water the plant until about half an inch of dry soil is left on top. In the winter, the cactus needs less water. Be careful not to overwater.

Pests: The main pest for the cactus is the mealybug, so be sure to watch out for these beasts. In order to get rid of them, you must use rubbing alcohol on the leaves gently every day until they are gone. Safe For Pets: Yes, but it’s probably unwise. Seeing as they have spikey outsides that could be painful.

Random Facts:

- Cacti can live to be almost 300 years old!
- There are many different types of cacti, some with flowers. They also come in various sizes, from small, potted plants to large, tall trees.
- Cacti retain water in their stems. This is especially handy if you are trapped in the desert and need hydration!
- Some types of cacti were used as psychedelics by nomadic cultures.
- Some types of cacti can have smooth, outer bodies, while others can have often spikey (and hella painful) outer bodies. Be forewarned. And don’t learn the hard way like I did (those spikes don’t come out of the skin easily)



Name: Chlorophytum comosum
AKA: Spider Plant

Sunlight: Spider plants love the sunlight, and thrive in windowsills. They will grow in the shade as well, but prefer direct sunlight. Also, these babies

are tolerant to varying temperature, so

they will grow in really any condition.

Water: Spider plants can survive both over and under watering, but prefer to only be watered when the soil is dry. As they drain quite fast, these plants can retain water quite well, so only water them every one to two weeks.

Pests: The greatest pest for spider plants, other than mealybugs, are “scales”. These creatures tend to look like little brown speckles up and down the leaves of the plant, but they are indeed life-sucking creatures from the depths of, well, the garden I guess! To kill them, you will need to completely douse the leaves and soil in solution, including all of the cracks and crevices of your beloved plant. The best solutions are non-toxic materials (some examples are 1 part rubbing alcohol and 5 parts water with a bit of soap, hot pepper wax made of cayenne pepper, Brand X Foliage Cleaner, and neem oil made from pine sol and water).

Safe For Pets: Yes

Random Facts:

- Spider plants bud little babies off the tips of the leaves. If you cut off these little buds, you will have a whole new, sprouting spider plant!
- These bad boys are practically IMPOSSIBLE to kill. Yes, if you ignore them forever, they will eventually wilt, but even watering them once or twice will keep them alive for years.
- The spider plant originates from South Africa and grows in between rocks



Name: Aloe vera
AKA: Aloe Vera

Sunlight: Aloes love the sun, so keep it by a window with full sunlight. If it is being grown outside, make sure to plant it in full sun or light shady areas. They are sensitive to frosty times, so it would be best to keep them inside i n the winter months.

Water: Aloes can survive with little water because they store large quantities. During the winter months, the plant tends to replenish itself, so water it very sparingly (every 2 to 3 weeks). During the summer, you should water it so the soil is completely damp, however allow it to dry completely before watering it again.

Pests: Again, mealybugs are often an issue when it comes to aloe versa. Be sure to watch for those and eliminate them using cottonballs and rubbing alcohol.

Safe For Pets: Unknown. Take caution, because it could be toxic to pets.

Random Facts:

- Aloe Vera plants are actually used as medicine. The gel inside of the leaves is often used as soothing relief for aches or pains. So, if you happen to get a bad sunburn, you can break off a piece of the plant and have soothing relief
- These plants originated in Northern Africa, the Canary Islands, and Cape Verde
- Sometimes, Aloes sprout white flowers... but the more common species have long, pointy green leaves with spikes on the sides.



Name: Geranium cinereum
AKA: Geraniums

Sunlight: These pretty foliated plants love the sun. They will thrive in both full sunlight and also partial shade. They bloom in the late spring and summer, so they like the heat. Make sure not to overheat them, but also be sure they don’t freeze in the winter.

Water: These babies need moderate water, so don’t overwater them. Be sure to check whether the soil is dry and drainable, so they can retain the right amount of water needed to survive.

Pests: Aphids are the geranium’s enemy. The little green monsters spread viral diseases and suck plant juices. To get rid of them, knock them off with strong streams of water and apply soap to the leaves (especially the undersides). Ladybugs are also helpful to kill the aphids, since they apparently taste good.

Safe For Pests: Yes, but avoid the pelargonium, which may be toxic. Random Facts:

- This specific type of geranium sprouts pretty pink/ purple flowers with black-eyes in the middle.
- The geranium is known to grow in rockeries and on low ground cover.
- The plant was given the Royal Horticultural Society Award of Garden Merit from England, following a period of assessment.

Honorable Mentions:

- Mint Plants (herbs that can be chewed upon. Heck yes!)

- Orchids (another beautiful flowered plant to keep your apartment/ dorm/ house pretty)

Thanks to plant-care.com, davesgarden.com, papagenos.com, safe-gardening.co.uk, and wikipedia.com for info

Vote with Your Dollars:

Students, CSAs, and the Local Food Movement

words Noah Dewitt
photos Courtney Hendricks

On Thursday afternoons in the basement of Hendricks Hall, brimming bags of produce sit clustered on the floor. This week's blend: rainbow chard, daikon, rosemary, apples, oranges, potatoes, and leeks. The food is mostly local, entirely organic, and insanely bomb. Over the course of the week, these raw ingredients will find their way into curries, stir-fries, sautés, salads, and other downright dank home cookery. What are these veggies doing in a lecture hall basement, you ask? Hendricks is one of several pick-up locations for Good Food Easy (GFE), a Community-Supported Agriculture (CSA) program serving the Eugene area since 2002. For those who aren't familiar, a CSA is a farm subscription in which members pay a given fee directly to the farmers and in exchange receive a weekly share of

sustainable agriculture and subvert the dominant system of factory farms, corporate mediators and powerful political lobbies. (If, despite the recent wave of expository books and documentaries on industrial agriculture, you don't know why it is worth subverting, peep the sidebar titled "Agribusiness: Actin' Kinda Shady.")

When a friend of mine, UO senior Rena Lev-Bass, mentioned to me that she and her housemates were members of the Good Food Easy CSA, I was outright impressed. I'd always assumed that CSA membership was too expensive and time-consuming for college life. I decided to find out for myself just how feasible CSAs are for students. My roommate and I signed up with GFE for the smallest-

sized share, which satisfies almost all our fruit and vegetable needs and between the two of us costs \$11 per week. On the whole, our experience has been positive.

Good Food Easy is aptly named. It's good (of unparalleled quality and freshness), and it's easy (packaged and delivered to campus for convenient pick-up by students, staff, and faculty). GFE stands out as an especially feasible option for students for several reasons. First, instead of requiring a season- or year-long commitment, GFE members can subscribe for as little as one month, allowing not-so-sedentary students to pause and resume their subscriptions as needed. Second, because it is a multi-farm CSA, the weekly shares contain a balanced assortment of fruits, vegetables, and animal products. Third, to help their supporters cope with Oregon's wintertime fruitlessness, GFE includes Washington apples and Cali citrus in the mix. Although GFE is less purely local than many other CSAs, it is a starting point for students who want to shy away from conventional agriculture.

Three weeks into my subscription, my verdict is that GFE is an effective and practical way for students to simultaneously feed themselves and fight the dominant industrial system.

Curious about the people behind the produce, a delegation of Voicies and I visited John Karlik and Lynn Crosby at Sweetwater Farm in Creswell, OR, where most of GFE's

"good food" comes from. We strolled the several-acre plot, kicked the tires, and picked their brains about the future of farming.

John and his first wife bought the land in 1971 with three other couples in pursuit of "the hippie dream": a sustainable, communal farm. But in the 1980s hard times hit, his wife and friends gave up on the dream, and he was left with land that was worth less than he owed. His only option, he said, was to wait it out. In his struggle to stay afloat, John supplied Eugene grocery stores and restaurants with veggies and herbs.

In 2002, unable to compete with NAFTA's \$6-a-day wages, they decided to try something new: Community-Supported Agriculture. "What we discovered," John told me, "was that we really like so much more selling to the people that were going to eat it than selling to

chefs and grocery stores that would string us out sixty days before they'd pay us."

The business advantages to the CSA model are plain to see. At Eugene's Saturday Market, Groundwork Organics employee Claire commented on the CSA model: "A big advantage is you get paid up front. So you get a lot of your money at the beginning of the season, and that's really helpful."

But lucrative business isn't the only reason why John and Lynn offer the Good Food Easy CSA. To them, feeding and healing people with high-quality nutrition is not just their livelihood. It's their civic duty. John said, "I was in a pre-med program, and I finally figured out that all they were talking about was ameliorating symptoms. They're really not talking about health. If I want to help people heal, then it's food... That's what we're looking at: nutrient-dense, pharmaceutical-grade food."

John and Lynn don't just farm. They farm well. Speaking to John, it quickly became clear that to do so is far from "unskilled" labor. Maintaining a chemically and biologically complex soil requires not only labor and resources, but also volumes of specialized scientific knowledge. "It touches on every study of science you could come up with," said John. "If you haven't taken physics, I think you're screwed."

Perhaps his mastery of science fundamentals gives him a broader perspective than most agriculturalists. "My whole job is to capture photons in a reasonable manner. That's what I am," he explained frankly. "You don't raise beef; you raise grass. You don't really raise grass; you capture photons. The only wealth that comes onto this planet is solar energy. Oil is just the bank account of solar dollars for eons."

"You're a wise man, John," I told him.

"Well," he laughed, "when I sit on that tractor for ten hours a day, I think about this stuff."

Lynn estimates that students comprise "maybe ten percent" of GFE's membership. This puzzled me. I expected students, a historically activist community, to play a more central role in the local food movement. Why, then, do so few students support Good Food Easy and other CSAs?

When it comes to food, college students tend to buy the cheapest and most convenient stuff on the shelves (e.g. frozen pizzas, canned soup, cereal). The reasons we cite most commonly are (1) that we don't have enough time to cook our meals from scratch and (2) that we cannot afford the high prices of local and organic produce.

Perhaps a more honest excuse is that we don't give a shit. Generally speaking, our consumption is crass. "Who has the most disposable income in this country?" John asked me rhetorically. "Students may think they're poor, but they got the most money to spend on shit." We can't deny it. We spend an excessive amount of our (parents') money on frivolities such as fly sneakers, smart phones, and intoxicants. If we really wanted to support local farmers, we would do so.

For those readers who would prefer a system of small-scale,

sustainable farms over the agribusiness leviathan that currently reigns supreme (if that's not you, what the fuck?), John Karlik has an answer: "Every dollar you spend is a vote, you know? It isn't going to be made if it isn't going to be sold. If you want local agriculture, wishing it isn't going to make it happen. You've got to encourage it."

Damn. Farmer John had me pinned. Before I go decrying "the system" and calling for an agricultural overhaul, maybe I should

confront some of my own hypocrisies. I can't rightly renounce industrial agriculture if I support it with my food dollars. Most students, I find, are guilty of this fault. We talk disproportionately more talk than we walk the walk. If you want to change the way our food is made, start small—start with yourself.

The best way to actively support local farmers is to give them our business. This isn't easy for most of us to do since we've been raised on convenience. We depend on labor-free, precooked meals; expect fruits and veggies to be available year-round; and take tropical crops like bananas, coffee, tea, and sugar for granted. If a less-fucked-up agricultural system is something we desire, then some of these food luxuries we've grown up with will have to be sacrificed. Does that mean it's evil to eat a banana? Not at all. It just means that we should start considering and taking responsibility for the consequences of our consumption. Farmer John concisely sums it: "Unless you start going in that direction, there is no direction."

monocultures is cheap, yes, but it's also devitalized and commonly contaminated with harmful pesticides. As a result, while the amount spent on food decreases, the amount spent on health care costs rises.

Not the farmers either. Farmers all over the world are struggling to compete against subsidized crops in a global market. Farmer suicide due to mounting debt has become an epidemic especially in the developing world.

The vast majority of profits from the global food system go to corporate paychecks.

With a rambling list of externalized costs, not to mention an underlying dependence on fossil fuels, the global food system cannot last forever; it will one day inevitably collapse, which is why best-selling authors such as Michael Pollan (my lord and savior) call for the re-localization of farming. The alternative to a corporate food system, they argue, is simple: communities that feed themselves.

The following books and documentaries about the agricultural-industrial complex are guaranteed to blow your mind:

Michael Pollan's *The Omnivore's Dilemma*
Raj Patel *Stuffed and Starved*
Food Inc.

Spreading our seed since 1989 21

Inverting the Pyramid

words Tyler Pell
art Megan Gex

The anatomically modern homo-sapien, such as yourself, co-evolved with locally hunted, foraged, farmed, and fermented foods. The health of our species hinged on the quality of those plants and animals, which traversed from soil to digestive tract with little refinement.

Today, the journey of said food is interrupted by a host of mechanized cogs in the industrial agricultural cycle. Often subject to the latest boom and bust fads of scientific food findings.

Luckily, the USDA's food guide pyramid's got our backs.

But, I often wonder, should the same government that failed to acknowledge the importance of a good diet to one's health until 1988 – when the Surgeon General finally admitted as much – really be the authority on dietary practices? (19-Motherfuckin'-88!)

I continue to wonder, if 95% of the 20 billion dollars the US government subsidizes is spent on the cultivation of just eight different crops, might the dietary guidelines put forth by the USDA be just a tad self-serving, or at the very least, a conflict of interest?

The newest food pyramid isn't a whole lot different than the one posted on the walls of your elementary school: daily servings of vegetables, grains, fruit, milk, and meat products are recommended. Commonly translated to: "happy meal with a vanilla shake, please."

No doubt, there are some cracks in the pyramid walls. Failure to acknowledge that quality of food supersedes category of

food is a continually overlooked theme in governmentally sponsored health campaigns.

But, before I get too caught up with the virtues of organic food, keep in mind it is Wal-Mart that sells more organic food than any other retailer. Setting quality and pricing standards on everything from Levi's to steel belted radial tires, Wal-Mart is the Warren G (Regulator) of the market world. Suffice to say, the fangs of the organic designation have lost a little of its bite.

If a third party certifying body is what you're looking for check out Oregon Tilth, a non-profit research organization dedicated to equitable agriculture that certifies both in and beyond Oregon's state lines. It's legit; and even though you may not see the Oregon Tilth sticker anywhere near West 11th avenue, that's actually a pretty good indicator.

Speaking of good, what could be better for the dairy industry than 300 million Americans consuming three servings of milk a day? In terms of profit – not much.

The food guide may work monetary magic for the agriculture industries that lobby for prime position on the pyramid, but it fails to acknowledge the incalculable and often ambiguous properties of food, which rarely abide by the rigid labels we attach to them.

So put the patriotism aside, Uncle Sam might be asking you to worship every color on the pyramid equally, but the 'correct' form of nutrition takes many shapes.

Every eighth-grader who stays awake for health class could tell you cholesterol equates to heart disease. But the Masai

Unfortunately, its effectiveness has yet to reach the mainstream, probably because understaffed seaweed lobby in Washington. Or maybe, their lobby is huge; they just can't stop smoking the terrestrial variety long enough to get their shit together.

Tribe in Africa and the Inuit people near the Arctic Circle eat more fat than anyone on the planet, yet rates of heart disease are virtually non-existent. And, despite instruction to consume, the two most common food allergens today are wheat and dairy.

Truth is, avoiding allergens is pretty damn hard – since dairy and wheat are in fucking everything. Just take advantage of Eugene's food offerings while you can. Because, strangely, most people in North America don't have the opportunity to cap off a visit to the newest vegan food cart with a trip to whichever wheat and dairy free pastry shop is within walking distance (God Bless Eugene).

Speaking of dairy, the area it's most commonly consumed, North America and Western Europe, is also where the highest rates of Osteoporosis occurs. The lowest rates of Osteoporosis are found in Asia, where traditionally no dairy is consumed. Got Osteo?

If calcium intake were in fact the objective, the USDA would promote consumption of sea vegetables, which contain way more absorbable calcium than do dairy foods. Unfortunately, its effectiveness has yet to reach the

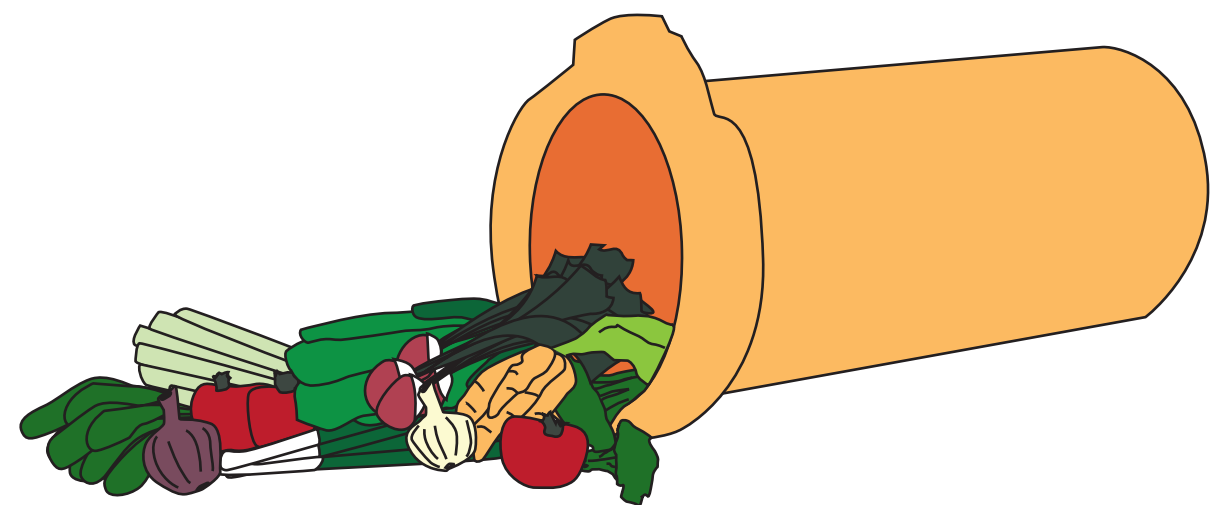
mainstream, probably because understaffed seaweed lobby in Washington. Or maybe, their lobby is huge; they just can't stop smoking the terrestrial variety long enough to get their shit together.

The unrelenting reality is the food industry is a vicious place, subject to the same corporatization all financial based institutions are. Your best bet isn't listening to the USDA (or me) but to yourself. If steak settles in your stomach like oil on a Gulf coast beach maybe it's time to check out the veg world. Pyramid be damned.

Nutrition starts with education and it ends with time – because preparing food takes it. If your dietary practices center around speed, then you're likely consuming your food not far from the drive-thru window where it was purchased.

If that's the case, I'll leave you with a word from Michael Pollan, an acute fellow, and honorary Voice Dog, whose published words pertaining to food ring a little more loudly than do mine:

"If it came from a plant, eat it. If it was made in a plant, don't."



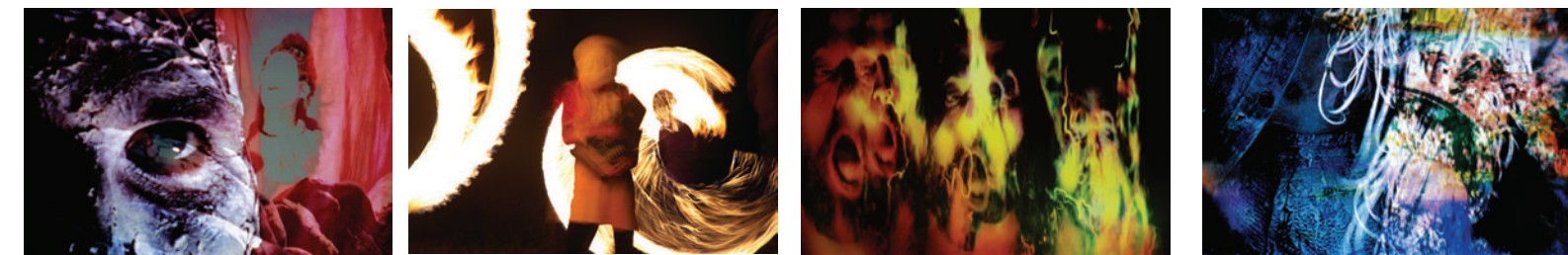
Oregon Voice v Ethos Dance-off

On the night of April 23rd in a crowded and cracklacking Campbell Club, the Oregon Voice Dawg Pound unleashed an arsenal of funky fresh moves on a team of Ethos staffers in the first ever dance-off between the two publications. Unsurprisingly, the Voice triumphed and walked away with a gleaming trophy (a plastic koala glued to a Pabst can). While I don't see nothing wrong with a little bump and grind, the sloppy sorority-style tail-wagging displayed by many Ethos contestants is best kept for the Sigma Whatever live-out, not the hallowed halls of the student co-ops. Despite crossing this unspoken line of decency, Ethos's effort was admirable, but it was no match for the Voice's impassioned, innovative, and appropriately sexual boogying. Over the course of twelve fierce one-on-one rounds, the Oregon Voice won the crowd's favor and kicked Ethos Magazine's glossy ass. If it seems like we are tooting our own horn, we are. Frankly, it bears tooting.



photos Sreang Hok and Courtney Hendricks





ODDSAC, which premiered at the Sundance Film Festival in January, is the feature-film collaboration between band Animal Collective and filmmaker, Danny Perez. Since January, it has screened for media in select theatres across the United States and Europe, garnering much attention from sold-out audiences. The film is the amalgamation of four years of intense back-and-forth between the band and Perez, and features an original score with new songs by the band and complex digital manipulation by Perez. ODDSAC was developed, Perez says, “to be an open-ended operation of audio-video synthesis, the passing back and forth of visuals and sound so that each would inform the other and create an organic structure.”

The “visual album,” as it’s so billed, will be released via DVD on 27 July 2010, a month after its original release date. Until then, don’t go looking around for a bootleg copy on the Internet to watch, there’s nothing but a 27-second trailer to be found. Fortunately, I’ve had the chance to experience the film twice and talk with its creators. Let me let you to glean what ODDSAC is all about – or partially about – or not about at all. It’s hard to say subjectively or objectively.

An orgy of broken computers; wild-eyed kindergarteners at recess; tribal; “sonic, free-form, electronic, horror, gospel, hip-hop, soul, pop madness*.” Whatever your interpretation of Animal Collective’s sound may be, one thing is likely certain – you either love it or hate it. The middle ground is narrow for the NYC-based band. Their music tends to polarize listeners.

So what about that “visual album” conceived by the Collective and Perez? Will the addition of video more polarize viewers or bring them together? How will people who simply want to “see a flick” receive the visual album? Will only the Collective’s cult following appreciate it? Was it worth creating a visual album when there are so many uncertainties? In short: Yes. But you must first understand what a visual album is to appreciate it.

A visual album is not an ordinary music video (obviously), it’s not a tour documentary** or concept album, it’s neither a rock opera nor a hip-opera (Hip-opera, huh?), and it’s not a movie with linear narrative and distinguishable plot. To understand the visual album, think experimental film mixed with traditional cinematography, coupled with songs created solely to pair with said approaches, and inter-spliced with a seemingly drugged-up iTunes visualizer — that’s ODDSAC. Think Frank Zappa’s *200 Motels* with finer tunes, if you must,

think Pink Floyd’s *The Wall* or The Who’s *Tommy*, but darker and more engrossing.

Forget that, ODDSAC is nothing close to *The Wall* or *Tommy* — save for the sensory overload — those are visual rock operas. They have narrative, common themes and big-name cameos. ODDSAC is different — really different. It’s a 53-minute peek through a bizarre looking glass with your weak-eye closed trying to make sense of it all — or hide from it all. But you shouldn’t. ODDSAC is not to be over-analyzed or hidden from. It exists to be simply experienced and to, arguably, induce a state of self-reflection.

“It’s a break out from the usual headspace,” says Perez, who had to wrap his head around losing two Apple MacBook computers to the project. “They couldn’t handle it all. Burnt them up during the rendering process,” that consumed, he estimates, thirty-five percent of his time over the four years.

Thankfully, he backed up his files. However, getting the soundtrack from ODDSAC may be a little harder than copying them off a hard drive.

“[They] will not be released in any form except as part of the DVD,” explains Josh Dibbs (AKA Deakin), the band’s guitarist and co-vocalist. “Neither the music or the video is the focal point, they just go together, they can’t be separated.” And this becomes un-

derstandable; each would become oddly hollow if taken alone, as if the audio invigorates the video, and vice versa.

Peering through that aforementioned looking glass, ears perked, you’d hear and behold a world only possible coming from the minds of Animal Collective and Perez. You’d witness a sea of boulders and an albino skater creature (Later identified to be Noah Lennox AKA Panda Bear.) drumming furiously in the center of the boulders, yet you’d feel an odd sense of serenity that’s impossible to detect sans video. You’d observe a Neanderthal in a stream washing who-knows-what crimson substance off what appear to be rocks; as sharp cuts to close-ups of exorcist-esque monks, faces peeling like old paint, engulf the screen, à la shots of that scary-as-fuck girl in *The Ring*. You’d see a wave of oil (Later identified to be lemon pie filling with Rit Dye.) gushing from the walls of a house while a helpless indie girl attempts to stop it. As she tries, you’d hear warped-Fela Kuti meets distorted-Kraftwerk accompany the scene and the lyric “grandma used to love how you play” repeating. Later, you’d watch a family consuming marshmallows near an open fire, strident in the dark, until the marshmallows consume them. Next, you’d see the family become the target of a wandering vampire (Later identified to be Dibbs.), who according to Perez “doesn’t like marshmallows.” Then you’d see that vampire paddle a canoe under the somber moonlight that spills onto the camera’s lens, thereby producing one of the most visually dynamic scenes of ODDSAC. Paired with a soft folksy tune that drips with the handiwork of Pan-



da Bear***, you’d appreciate Perez’s control of *mise-en-scène* and editorial judgment employed to communicate the emotions without overdoing what could have easily been overdone. But those are only a few of the comprehensible scenes, the ones with actors and tangible imagery, you could see before lowering the looking glass.

The remaining visual sections of ODDSAC are complex layers of kaleidoscopic digitalization that could make even the most straight-edged individuals feel as if they’ve ingested hallucinogenic carrots****. During one psychoactive stretch of the film, near-hypnotizing spirals of fire engulf the screen, demanding your attention. The near hypnosis; however, was unintentional Perez would reveal: “I had no intention to hypnotize. That

“It exists to be simply experienced and to, arguably, induce a state of self-reflection.”

kind of just happened. If I did, I would just get hypnotized. I didn’t want to get hypnotized.”

In a separate hallucinatory segment, what appears to be the age-old battle between white and black ants on an analog TV-screen rehased, albeit with a dash of color, sends the viewer absconding into their inner-thoughts to ponder what’s next on their to-do list or who’s next on their to-do list — to do everything but decipher the eerie absurdity happening onscreen. This introspection was intentional and in its essence is what ODDSAC is about, says Perez. “If you daydream during it, at least maybe you’ve connected more to yourself than before you came.”

Additionally, “[ODDSAC] is about escalating emotions,” reveals David Portner (AKA Avey Tare). It’s about “controlling what a viewer feels, whether it’s the music or the visual that influences the viewer.” In all, viewers contend that the film is overly dark. When asked “Why is it dark?” Portner says, “Yeah, we like catchy stuff, but this is just the other side of what we like, we have a large spectrum of influence.”

And that spectrum of influence is evidenced certainly in earlier works by the band. In their modern-yet-morbid take on the tor-

toise and hare race in “Who Could Win a Rabbit” or in the video for “Blood Sport” — both foreshadow the vibe of ODDSAC. Darkness is not a new direction for Animal Collective. And for Perez, it’s simply a reflection of the real world saying, “Just look outside, man.”

Darkness aside, ODDSAC is a bright and colorful work that will, like their music, inevitably divide audiences. Viewers of ODDSAC will fashionably love to hate it, hate to love it, or just love or hate it. Those who favor the tunes on *Campfire Songs/Here Comes the Indian* over *Merriweather Post Pavilion* are more likely to appreciate the songs of ODDSAC. Viewers who enjoy the world of experimental film and the cannibalism found in the video for “Who Could Win a Rabbit,” will more likely find the scenes paying homage to the Horror genre palatable. Viewers who simply wanted to catch a flick will, well, there’s really no saying how they’ll take it... As Dibbs explains, “Everybody is different. People will take it however they want. It wasn’t made for any one audience. If they don’t like it, they don’t like it. It’s okay.”

Lastly, if you’ve spent your time reading this preview/interview/review hypothesizing where the odd name ODDSAC came from, according to the band, the name was derived during a conversation regarding the odd appearance of a deformed piece of gummy candy. Or as Portner put it, “Fucked up Gumby.”

*As described by the band themselves in 28 September 2007 interview with NPR.

**According to Avey Tare the band was originally approached to do a tour documentary but found that medium too limiting, hence ODDSAC was conceived.

***If this song is indeed the work of Panda Bear, it is one of the most moving songs he’s ever produced.

****(I highly recommend not taking any hallucinogenic drugs before ODDSAC. I know a guy who knows a guy who did. He had to leave early to do laundry.)

words Stephen Person
illustration Megan Gex
screenshots courtesy of Swiss Dots



In this case, the mower is your enemy. Any place where gloved hands snip and prune in tidy patterns isn't your arena. You'll take tall grass, the overgrown lot, and the nooks woven in with the weeds and bramble, within sight, but conveniently out of reach of the landscaping elite. Leaving thick designer bunches of your favorite wildflowers to spring up inexplicably in your wake pulls you closer to your habitat, and before you know it, every drop of Eugene's signature wetness feels like a guarantee, every untended flower bed, an opportunity.

In long ago days, seed bombing was a method of spreading out crops, when farming was in its eco-friendly infancy. Aside from generating nostalgia for when modern agriculture was just a precocious little tyke, seeding bombing is instant (actually not that instant) reclamation of the bland no-where spaces The Man has grown so fond of.

This particular recipe, known as tsuchi dango (earth dumpling), was reintroduced by natural farmer Masanobu Fukuoka, a baller in any sense of the word. Fukuoka's "seed balls" are made of compost, seeds, and clay, simple and effective. In response to the continually expanding disease of patriarchy [Ed: Word up, Grace-dawg], the term "balls" has been widely replaced with the more fitting word "bombs" by the most conscious of practitioners. If you want to think of things in a literary sense, "bomb" better suits the metaphor of conflict with the bland urban grasslands and dwarfed bushes of our time, while contrasting with the destructive devices with which they share a name.

And here's how you can make flowers everywhere you want:

1. The cost:

Air Dry Clay (\$4.99)
Seed Packet-Snflwr (\$1.79)
Seed Packet-Lvndr (\$1.79)
Seed Packet-Assrtd Wldflwr (\$1.79)
Compost (free)



Vacant lot, your days are numbered.

words and photos Scot Braswell

Total: \$10.36/207 returned cans and a penny plus about an hour of labor.

The seeds will outlast the clay and make more than one batch. The clay makes about 22 "bombs." You can custom make your bombs however you like. Wildflowers are traditional for this purpose because of their natural ability to compete with grass for resources. Sunflowers, though they're a long shot to stay unpicked to maturity, have the potential to make an impressive display. Lavender just smells good.

2. Pinch off enough clay to make a thin pancake about 3 inches in diameter. The pancake shouldn't be too thick or too thin. A little less than a quarter of an inch is perfect. You can directly control how large and how many bombs your clay produces here.

3. Take a bit of compost and plop it into the center of the clay.

4. Sprinkle appropriate amounts of seed onto the compost, aware that the more seeds you use, the better chance of something growing. Here, you can tailor your bombs to your specific interest, more sunflower, lavender-only bombs, etc.

5. Roll clay into a ball. Roll bomb in compost so it has a rich brown color. This will help hide them from prying eyes and curious gardeners, as well as provide extra nutrition for the developing plants.

6. Bomb. Look for areas that are high-traffic but largely untended. You'll notice them because they're ugly. Areas with natural protection from landscapers, like the channels between shrubs, are also good. The rest is just a matter of time, and hopefully you'll have some blooms before someone cleans out the weeds. If not, do it again.



Reviews



Artist: The Rolling Stones
Album: Exile on Main Street (2010 Reissue)
Label: Rolling Stones/Atlantic

Since The Rolling Stones began releasing remastered versions of their albums in 2009, everything from *England's Newest Hitmakers* to *A Bigger Bang* appeared except the infamous and (arguably) quintessential release *Exile On Main St.*

The constant reissuing of classic records can be a drag and usually seems like a quick moneymaking ploy, hence the reason I go out and scoop up the re-releases (also The Stones' catalogue was not as desperately in need of remastering as say The Beatles'). However, the idea of a remaster of one of The Rolling Stones' longest, most infamous, and astounding records along with a bonus disc of unreleased tracks from the era was going to be too much to pass up.

The verdict? The tracks are crisper and the low-end bass is much punchier, while the vocals emerge clearer than ever. Songs like "Happy" and "Rip This Joint," which sounded muddy and whose instrumental tracks tended to suffocate the vocals, now boast better separation between tracks making them seem intriguing and new. Stones fans however are divided on the quality of the remasters saying the albums are altered negatively. Basically, nothing is going to compare to the original vinyl release, but if you don't have access to it or even if you do, this is the digital release of Exile to own. As for the bonus tracks, the rerecorded vocals take some getting used to, but the music is straight out of the Exile period, and tracks like "Plundered My Soul," "Pass The Wine" and "I'm Not Signifying" add new life to this notorious Stones classic.

Rated: 8 tax-evading vacations in the south of France out of 10.

Mike Pearson



Artist: The New Pornographers
Album: Together
Label: Matador

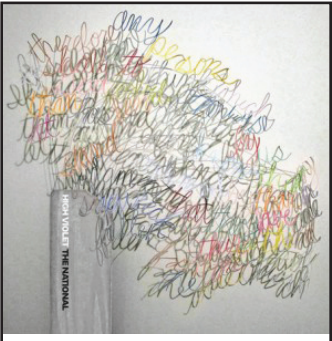
You'd think that with a name like "The New Pornographers" most people would avoid this band. However, after listening to their newest gem *Together*, I wonder how people could ignore the power pop excellence that this CD brings with it! After only one listen, I'm already in a feel-good mood that I can't shake off.

While there are some misses on the album, the whole thing starts and ends with a bang. Unlike their other CDs, the intro to the first song ("Moves") is a series of strings playing a catchy riff. The song continues into a mad frenzy of pop music, worthy of the finest, cheesy keyboards and guitars, and moves into a series of upbeat songs. The whole CD ends with more upbeat music that teeters out with the same strings, as if in a neverending pattern. Compared to their other CDs (like my personal favorite, *The Electric Version*), *Together* is like a story.

But the best part, in my opinion, is the karaoke-worthy song choices that make me want to sing out loud in public. "Crash Years" features not only the gorgeous vocals of the second lead singer Neko Case, but also one of the catchiest whistling tunes I've ever heard (amongst the happy guitar sounds in the background). The first single off the album, "Your Hands (Together)", is also so much fun to just belt out the words with. I find myself bobbing my head to the intense drum beats while sitting on the bus, in my room, or in any other public place. Like some outdoor guide, this CD makes me want to explore the farthest regions of the woods and mountains. All while singing.

Rated: 8 yodeling action figures spread amongst 10 of the highest mountains in Holland.

Alex Marga



Artist: The National
Album: High Violet
Label: 4AD

Basically, a stimulus is understood relative to its surroundings; it is a question of degrees.

High Violet, the latest record from The National, finds expressive space in the sagging degrees between the emotional extremes used to explain just how something makes us feel. In this sense, *High Violet* expresses the pains of nagging, everyday sameness because The National merely allude to emotional crests.

I like music because it is good for me. And good for you. And that's fucking great. *High Violet* resonates in the gaps of the day that are more normal than bearable; the moments that simply are. For all the screams and gasps that come at the peaks of the most exciting memories, there is always a comedown. Even people who 'live life on the edge', jumping off of mountains into poison soda commercials have calmer, in-between moments. How else can we celebrate the highs and lows of life, if we are not able to appreciate the middle distance between?

High Violet is an extremely careful record that contains Arcade Fire's funerary builds, but that never peak in catharsis; Interpol's detached cool clip, but without the coked-out menace; Wilco's wide open spaces and emotional wholesomeness, but without ever running aground of Dad-rock. There are moments of startling beauty, but they are neither cloying nor cold, as the instrumentation is lush, but moves with an indie clip that says effete Brooklyn, but means down home Ohio.

Rated: Frankenstein's Monster of established indie acts.

Ross Pergiel



Thing: Mad Decent

Audiophiles today are facing a crisis: There is just too much music. New acts pop up faster than our bandwidths can handle. It's hard to know what's worth a listen and what is valueless, insubstantial shee-it. But fear not. Mad Decent, the independent record label founded and managed by Philly-based DJ Diplo, is here to keep you afloat in this flooring deluge of audio.

With the exceptions of hard-core band POPO and psychedelic hillbilly Bosco Delrey, the twenty-or-so artists on the Mad Decent roster operate within the electronic idiom. Many are DJs who, like Diplo, are (1) imbued with a super-human ability to make dope beats and (2) draw influence from a cosmopolitan range of musical genres. Their influences include dub-step, reggae, punk, dirty south, Brazilian baile funk, and Angolan Kuduro rap. The result is an extremely danceable yet thought-provoking mix of seemingly disparate genres.

The label's online presence is borderline philanthropic. Between an almost monthly podcast and a hyperactive blog, the Mad Decent devotee can download astonishing amounts of free tracks by Mad Decent artists and affiliates. Most recently, dancehall DJ duo Major Lazer hooked up a free mixtape titled *Lazer Proof* via the Mad Decent blog. It blends the work of British electro sensation La Roux with Major Lazer's dancehall opus, *Guns Don't Kill People...Lazers Do*, as well as obscure samples from Jamaica and the dirty south. As my *Lazerproof* playcount approaches triple digits, I realize that I will not likely find a clique of musicians as exciting and profound as the Mad Decent panoply. Accept Mad Decent as your lord and savior.

Rated: Jheri Curl out of '80s hairstyles.

Noah DeWitt



Event: KWVA Birthday Party 5/22/10

I entered WOW hall unassumingly; I'd never heard of Yacht, and I was ready for whatever KWVA and WOW hall threw at me. It had never let me down before, and this night was no exception: it threw hard. This was not some pre-pubescent girl's softball game folks. At the end of the evening my body was sore; I'd somehow tweaked my back, bitten my own tongue, there were numerous bruises bespeckling my body, and thanks to the douche in the third row who decided to blindly elbow backwards(you know who you are and concert karma is coming to get you) my stomach was not happy. However, and I want to be very careful not to overstate this, in a manner of phrasing... Yacht friggin'blew my mind! Aesthetically, auditorily, body and soulfully, my mind was rocked down through my spinal cord, and the feeling tingled down through my toes.

Knowledge of the band's members, history or song lyrics was superfluous to the powerful performance I received. That being said, if you want to learn about the band, look them up on the internet like everyone else. If you want to know the band, listen to their songs. Or, even better, go to one of their shows. You won't be let down (unlike one sad concert-goer who attempted an ill-planned crowd surf).

You certainly won't be let down by the aesthetics. Both Jona Bechtolt and Claire L. Evans are exceptionally snappy dressers. Some of the snappiest I've seen. Bechtolt, dressed head to toe in white, was a startlingly pleasing counterpoint to Evans full-body black attire. Both their dress and tunes were colored with the hue of 80's inspiration, but they vibrated on a frequency all their own.

As the evening wore down, squished among my fellow concert goers, sharing sweat and air alike, listening as the line "We're wasting time" reverberated through the air on repeat, I thought to myself: "Self, if this is wasting time, what have you been thinking utilizing time in an (mostly) efficient manner?" If my night spent rockin'out with my male chicken out (if you'll excuse my phrasing), was indeed a waste of time, well then it is one bit of time trash that I shall be overjoyed to come upon years from now in my landfill of a memory.

Sara Hursey



Person: Medicinal Plant Salesman

I've decided to settle down. I know what's out there; I know there may be some things I'll miss out on. But it's time for me to commit, and I'm okay with that. Why wouldn't I be? My Medicinal-Plant-Salesman is everything I've been looking for. When I'm around him he makes me feel like he truly cares about me. He even sends me text messages letting me know when his freshest Medicinal Plants are in. An average trip to my Medicinal-Plant-Salesman's house goes as follows. I'm greeted at the door with a friendly fist bump and cheerfully invited inside. I take a seat as towering Medicinal-Plant paraphernalia surrounding me establishes the mood. "Alright, man, today I got four different strains of Medicinal-Plants." He then gives me a brief description of said strains. Nothing too technical, just a few nuggets of information I can use to help make an educated decision as to which strain of Medicinal Plant is right for me. I ask, "Can I get a half eighth of Medicinal Plant A and Medicinal Plant B?" I can barely finish my question before he reaches for his Medicinal Plant gram scale. "Of course, man. Good choice." While he's bagging my Medicinal Plants he suggests I try some of the Medicinal Plant honey he just made. Having already sampled Medicinal Plant capsules, tincture, and cookies on previous visits with satisfying results, I happily indulge. After sampling Medicinal Plant honey, and receiving two bags with a different strain of Medicinal Plant in each, I reflect on prior experiences with Medicinal Plant Sales(wo)men. Shady dealings in parks, cars, and public alleys tainted my past relationships. As did waiting around for a callbacks and suspecting I was overcharged on bags that appeared rather skimpy. Not anymore. My new Medicinal Plant Salesman is everything a Medicinal Plant user could ask for and then some. With homework waiting for me when I get home, I decline to indulge in any more Medicinal Plants before I leave, even though he just cleaned his Medicinal Plant water pipe. He understands. He always does. He bookends my visit with one more fist bump on my way out. I love my Medicinal Plant Salesman.

Tyler Pell



Food: Eddo Burger
Location: 4th and Blair, Tiny Tavern Parking Lot

In the last few years, I have witnessed an eruption of food carts spilling into the food scene. And why not? They are small, cheaper to operate than a restaurant, and specialized for late night grubbin'. My one gripe with food carts, though is that they usually churn out quick and greasy (ie: delicious) foods that are good in the moment, but not necessarily in the long run, or even a few hours post drunken mastication. Alas, there is an answer, and it is Eddoburger, a quaint and modest all-vegetarian food cart located in the parking lot of Tiny Tavern on 3rd and Blair. It is owned and operated by Cara Eddo, a Eugene local who is, if I dare say, one hell of a cook.

Some Voice homies and I took a trip down to Eddoburger one Friday evening to scope out the potentially delish. What we found was nothing short of a veggie burger in paradise. For five bucks, the self-titled "Eddoburger" comes on wholegrain bun with all the freshest fixings, including lettuce, highly succulent tomatoes and Tillamook cheddar. While all of that is all well and good, the satiating secret is the patty, made primarily of quinoa, brown rice, black beans, and Cara's "special blend" of spices. The burgers were so flavorful that one of our own vegetarian Voicies, Editor-in-Chief Scot B., found himself uneasy, worried for just a second that he was tricked into breaking his vegetarianism. That is not to say that the Eddoburger tastes like meat, but rather that the product is representative of local love and a long trial-and-error process Cara went through before landing on the final recipe.

So, here's the skinny on Eddoburger: It's the bomb, rich in protein, and it's avocado season (only \$0.75 extra!). For something a little lighter, try the deep-fried, perfectly-salted sweet potato chips, with one of their three dipping sauces (all are delicious). While the menu is relatively small, it offers plenty of variety, breakfast sandwiches included. When we dropped in, we got to taste test some apple fries. Yup. Apple fries, with cinnamon and sugar on top. Service is quick and friendly with smiles on the side. Sold yet?

Rated: Circ de'Soleil of Cheeseburgers

Cara Merendino

